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The Minstrel of the Forest.

"O hero! what a hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and councils of thy heart!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-balls shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of scorn,
And never shall it more be gracious."

SHAKESPEARE.

ENDYMION GREVILLE, an officer in the British army, obtained leave from his Colonel to permit him to go to Naumberg, to pay the last mark of affection to the cold remains of one who had once been his dearest friend. The evening was calm; and the sober serenity of the autumnal woods breathed such a softened shade over the melancholy of his soul, that alighting, and giving his horse to his servant, he proceeded alone through the thick ranks of the trees.

He unconsciously found the stillness of the night lull his senses into a forgetfulness of his situation; and, flinging himself down on the green grass, under the cooling shadow of the high elms, whose towering tops were gilded by the last beams of the declining sun, he looked round on the fresh verdure of the earth: he cast his eyes up to the rich blue of the sky, where the radiated clouds were sailing in solemn majesty over its azure bosom. A flood of tender recollections rushed over his mind; and, in all the anguish of the moment, he exclaimed—"O Henry! art thou for ever closed from these objects! Can I find joy in scenes where thou art not a partaker?" He then flung his head to the ground; and, bursting into tears, gave way unto all the agony of his soul. At last, the turbulence of his grief wearied itself; and he lay in a more quiet, tho' not in a more happy attitude. The merits of his friend, the beauty of his youthful form, the graces of his manly heart, all clung round his breast, and told him how miserable he was, in being fated to survive so much innocence, so much honour, and so much love.

As his oppressed soul dwelt on the agonizing remembrance of his friend with an embittered pleasure, his attention was arrested by a stream of the sweetest and most entrancing sounds that ever met the ear of mortal: he scarcely breathed, for fear of losing a breath of their seraphic harmony, as a rich and melodious voice rose over the dying notes, and warbled such a sadly-touching air, that the tear trembled in the rapt eye of Endymion, as the delicious melody sunk into his melancholy heart—"Are these the strains of the blessed? Is this the voice of my friend, to soothe my agonies?"

As these thoughts passed over his mind, the thick foliage of the trees bended forward; and a divinely beautiful form appeared, holding on one arm a small harp, while his long white garments swept the ground, and imparted a pomp to his figure nearly celestial. The anguish of his mind had disturbed the senses of Greville, and he half dropped on one knee; when, immediately recollecting himself, he started up, and gazed at the strange vision with a wonder almost bordering on a dread of—he knew not what. The figure looked on him with a softened countenance; and advancing to him, said—"By this dress you are an Englishman."—"I am," replied Greville, instantly recovering from his astonishment; "I am an Englishman, and a soldier."—"Then I shall have the happiness of embracing a countryman of the only man whom I esteem."

He took the hand of Greville, as he spoke; and, gazing on his face with an expression of mingled wildness and benignity, asked him, if he would spare him a few hours of his society—"For," added he, "to know that I am conversing with one who was born in the same land where now my Thusnelda lives, will afford to my solitary soul a mournful pleasure that it has long been a stranger to.

The gentle heart of Greville, already softened by sorrow, infused an eloquence into his fine features, so touchingly sympathising, that the Minstrel more earnestly solicited his remaining a few days with him. He laid his hand on his arm—"Can the noble heart of a Briton refuse to snatch an hour of anguish from the tedious days of the miserable?"

Greville, whose full bosom heaved with the sorrows of his own soul, breathed, in a scarcely articulate voice—"Lead me to where you please: but, alas! I am too wretched to give that to others, of which I stand in so great a dearth myself."

The stranger took his hand, and led him thro' the forest, till he arrived at the side of a deep moat, which surrounded a magnificent castle, but whose ruined grandeur too truly seemed to image he desolation in its master's mind. He blew a horn, which hung by a chain to the side of a pillar, and instantly a drawbridge was dropped down; and Greville, preceded by the Minstrel, entered the court-yard. He sent one of his domestics for the servant of Endymion, and the bridge was drawn up again. This motion startled Greville; but, turning to his pensive host, the purity of his own soul told him, that no perfidy could lurk under a form and countenance

Where every god had seem'd to set his seal.

As they advanced, he was met by two old servants, whose venerable appearances

would have put all hostile suspicions out of his head, if any had harboured there. They opened the gate; and Greville and his inviter entered a large Gothic hall, whose sombre sides were rendered still more dreary by the quantity of antique armour, and dusky banners, which, waving in murky shadows over the walls, made "darkness more visible."

"This is a horrid place to bring you to," said the Minstrel, drawing a deep sigh; "but its gloom suits with the present temper of my soul. Every situation is equally pleasing to the unhappy, except scenes of cheerfulness, and they stab the miserable heart with double pangs. Another three years, and——." He stopped, and looked up to heaven.

"Three years!" repeated Greville, and he burst into tears: for, three years ago, Henry Willoughby, his friend, the brother of his soul, had left him, to receive a commission in the Imperial army; and now he was going to embrace that once dear and warm friend cold in the icy arms of Death!"

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the Minstrel, catching him by the hand, "is misery so common? Have you, as I am, been, abandoned by her your soul doated on? Have you seen her, whom you adored to idolatry, in the arms of another man? if you have, you then know too truly the story of my woes: you know too well the injuries which have driven me from society, to waste my youth in bitter tears, and never-ceasing anguish! O unhappy Briton! return not to a country which now can have no charms for you; but, with the miserable Xavier, render wretchedness more tolerable by the participation of woe!"

He ceased; and dropping the hand he held, cast his eyes to the ground, and remained in thoughtful silence. Greville recovered himself; and, wiping off the big tear that trembled on his cheeks—"I am, indeed, miserable! but it is not the perfidy of a mistress that thus reduces me below a woman's weakness. It is the loss of my friend, my only friend; one who was, in tenderness, more than a father, or a brother, to me! I am now going to town, which is not four miles from hence, to see the last reliques of him whom I so warmly loved, laid in the earth; to witness that dear bosom, on which I have so often reposed the secrets of my heart, hid from my sight for ever! O can any grief be equal to my grief! The universe is become a dreary waste to me; and every thing I see, every thing I hear, seems to say—"Miserable Greville, what business have you here?" and indeed I have none; for he that loved me, he that divided my cares, he that soothed my unhappy heart, is dead! The cold tomb will soon contain him who was the soul of my existence, he who was all that can be wise, gentle, and effectionate, in man!"

His piercing accents roused the Minstrel from his melancholy reverie; who, raising his large blue eyes, fixed them with a heavenly benignity on the flowing orbs of Endymion, who felt the soft stream of their pity enter his soul. "My dear brother in affliction, listen to my tale; and perhaps you will confess, that the woes of Xavier Saxe Weimar, though springing from a different source, contain as bitter a poison as your own."

(To be continued.)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. HOGAN,

In looking over an old magazine, I happened to meet with the following "Lecture on Widows," if you should deem it worthy a place in your Repository, its insertion will oblige a subscriber. Q.

A LECTURE ON WIDOWS.

Are all widows alike? Or how many species are there of them?

There are good and bad of all ranks and situations; and I fear, if I were to take the whole company of widows that there are in the world, I should be obliged to range them under several distinct and separate classes; but as you seem to be unsettled in your principles upon this important subject, I will give you my sentiments of the matter.

A widow is a woman, who, having been freed from the restraint of a single life by matrimony, is delivered from the shackles of a married life by the death of her husband.

Thrice happy being! who canst obey the call of pleasure, without following the train of a chaprone; who canst open thy doors to the flatterer and the beau without scandal; who at the same moment mayest enjoy all the freedom of the married life, and enjoy all the homage of the virgin state!!

Of widows there are two kinds,

1. Those who did love their husbands, or appeared to love them.
2. Those who did not, and made no secret of it.

The first is an amiable consistent character; she loved her husband while he lived, and she reveres his memory now he is no more. Her affection dwells continually upon his goodness and his virtues, and exercises its powers in teaching her offspring to follow the steps of honour wherein their father trode before them: this is her happiness, and she is content with the share of it heaven has allotted her; nor does she look forwards with the hopes of increasing it by any future connections.

This is the rational widow!

If I had described this character in verse I should have compared her to an honeysuckle, which continues to blow round the trunk of an oak which has long been withered.

2. Of widows who did not love their husbands there are two different species.

The first is, that lady, who having been disappointed of the happiness and comfort she expected from matrimony in her past connection, is continually looking forward to obtain that happiness and comfort in another alliance.

This is the longing or expecting, or wishing widow.

The second is a lady, who now and then thought she loved her husband—or did not well know whether she loved him or not; and though she has her wishes and expectations, does not always know what they are, or where to direct them—and is continually changing their form and colour by the powers of her own lively and changeful fancy.

This is the whimsical widow!

And I really believe, that under the characters of the *rational*, the *wishing*, and the *whimsical* widow, as I have defined them, you might rank every widow under the moon.

I have a very particular and sufficient reason for not using the word *sun* as the last word of the last sentence. The characters of the wishing and the whimsical widows will admit of an infinite number of divisions and subdivisions. The subject is pregnant with uncommon variety, but where is the imagination whose flight is so powerful as to follow the wishes of the wishing widow, or the whims of the whimsical widow?

I am at this moment acquainted with the most whimsical widow fancy was ever god-mother to. There is not a hair of her head which has not a whim in it—she is the very soul of whim. There was, ah! there was a time in my life, when I should have been well pleased to have roused all her fancies from their hiding places, hunted them through the infinite turnings and windings of her little brain, till panting and breathless, they implored my mercy for their innocence sake.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MORALITY.

A JUVENILE ESSAY.

"Do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you.

IF this divine command were more generally practised, we would find less cruelty and inhumanity exercised by the generality of mankind. Man, having been endowed by his Creator with rationality, ought undoubtedly to act consistent with the laws of humanity, and treat his fellow creatures with that degree of tenderness, which ought always to characterize a rational being.

There are no other means by which we can so well judge the condition of a fellow creature, as by putting ourselves in his situation. Then, and then alone, are we able to judge what his sufferings are, and what remedies would be most effectual to meliorate his situation and promote his happiness.

It is always our duty to endeavour to render our fellow creatures every service that lies in our power, without injuring ourselves. We ought to consider, that if we violate the laws of humanity, we not only break the command of the Prince of Peace, but are degrading human nature.

To render an essential service to a fellow creature, affords to the man of feeling more pleasure than the accumulation of thousands. If the divine command were well observed, it would be found to be of itself a complete system of pure morality—"Do unto all, as ye would they should do to you." What could be more expressive!

Volumes might have been written on this subject, and not conveyed a more complete system of pure and genuine morality than is contained in this single line.

Virtue not only affords us peace and happiness here, but will attend us in whatever situation it shall please the Divine Disposer of human events to place us.

He who thro' life, has well observed the laws of humanity, inculcated principles of morality and Virtue, cannot but meet death with tranquillity.

A MORALIST.

ANECDOTE.

A SHIP going over Charleston bar, with a negro pilot on board, the Captain asked him "what water the ship was in?" To which he answered,—"*salt water, Massa,*"—"I know that?" replies the Captain, "But how much water is there?" "*Eh massa,*" says the Negro, "*You tink me bring a tin pot to measure um?*"

ON THE NATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE DUTCH.

[From the manuscript notes of a German.]

(CONCLUDED.)

Visiting almost altogether consists of family-parties, to which strangers are never or seldom admitted. It is here that the Dutchman feels himself free from all restraint, and indulges in merriment, which the appearance of a single foreigner would immediately convert into formality; a circumstance which alone renders it difficult for travellers to judge of the national character of the Dutch. In general, Hollanders have a decided inclination towards a domestic life. Whether at home or abroad, they devote most of their leisure hours to their family, spending them in familiar conversation and amusements, and often in the instruction of their children. In such family parties and clubs, *(Koleegien)* or select societies, formed of large numbers, consist almost all the social pleasures of the Dutch. To these clubs none are admitted but by ballot, and those only against whose characters and opinions no one of the members has any objection, and who are sufficiently known to the greater part of the society, so that they can associate without restraint, and with perfect confidence. They are held in gardens in the neighbourhood of the town. The time is spent partly in various games, particularly a national one called *kolven*, (in which, very thick and hard balls are struck with sticks bent at the end into a blunt angle, and plated with copper, from a perfectly smooth pavement, against pales set up at both sides, and the game depends on the distance from the boundary at which the ball stops after the rebound) and partly in chatting and smoaking tobacco with the ladies. The clubs of the same kind formed of young men, are sufficiently noisy and intemperate, and serve to promote every kind of extravagance rather than rational recreations. Besides these, there are also political and literary societies. Of the former, the principal at Amsterdam is, the Society *pro Concordia et Libertate*, and of the latter, *Felix Meritis;* both consist of patriotic members, and are supported by the weight, number and influence of their partizans. Among the middling classes there is little society out of their circles, but foreigners find in them fewer impediments, and feel themselves less intrusive.

The principal causes of this may be found in a third prominent feature in the Dutch character,—the love of repose. Various persons who have resided in Holland have imagined, that the want of sufficient elasticity in the air relaxes the nerves, and weakens the activity and energy of the mind. But, independently of this, the uniformity of a mercantile life obliges them to have recourse to diversions, which exclude every thing that might exhaust the spirits, or disturb the placidity of their amusements. Business being dismissed, smoaking a pipe at home or at his club, reading in the gazettes the common occurrences, chatting about the news of the day, or joining a party at cards, is the highest enjoyment of a Dutch merchant; an enjoyment, which, strongly contrasted with what other nations consider as such, gives much occasion to the derision of foreigners.

As a relaxation, they further indulge a fondness or attachment to concerns which have no connexion with their business, but serve merely as amusement. Almost every affluent Dutchman has some such additional employment. One gratifies his taste by forming a collection of famous and valuable paintings, (which costs him from 1000 to 8000 florins,) engravings, or even news-papers; another in gardening, hotbeds, flowers; a third, in handsome furniture; a fourth, in horses famous for quick trotting, (hard drawers) and superb carriages of various shapes and kinds; a fifth, finally, in a library of modern as well as ancient literature, the study of which he pursues with delight to his old age, or in a cabinet of natural history or medals. At present indeed politics are the universal amusement.

This necessity of relieving themselves from the dull uniform restraint of business, principally by setting their minds at ease, has produced that love of repose, which, passing from the higher classes, the merchants, to the other inhabitants, has spread itself over all orders, and contributed highly to blunt the faculties. The proverb* "too much of one thing is good for nothing," is here somewhat strongly illustrated in practice: but on the other hand it has produced solidity and perseverence in works of art, and profundity in works of learning, qualities which would be more valuable in the Hollander, if they did not too often appear in his amusements, and degenerate into frivolity.

But no one will accuse the Dutch of laziness, who has observed only during one week, more particularly in good times, the crowding and driving in the streets of Amsterdam, the universal diligence and industry in the counting-houses, ware-hou-

* Gut Ding will weile haben.

ses, harbours, and on the docks. During the greater part of the day, from eight in the morning till seven in the evening, no one is unemployed, and there is nothing which strangers, who visit Amsterdam without business, "idle and inquisitive travellers," more complain of, than the want of persons to converse with. It is true, Dutch industry bears a different stamp from that of the southern nations; but is it right to deny to a people the possession of a quality, and impute to them the contrary, because it appears among them in a form differing from ours?

The Hague, like most seats of government, is least qualified to give travellers correct notions concerning the industry, and, above all, the character of the nation: especially since the court has left it, by whom the greater part of the inhabitants were supported. But the judicious traveller will form his judgment, not from the town which is accidentally the seat of government, but from the real metropolis of the country, the place, where from the mass of its population, the principal branches of national industry are brought beneath his immediate notice.*

From this predilection for quiet, necessarily arises an inclination to continue their old customs, and adhere to their course of opinions. Hence, innovation in every department, in literature, and in science. in matters of business, and in political opinions concerning government, there make but a slow and late progress.

In no respect is this more apparent than in the religious opinions of the Dutch, who are now precisely at the point from which they set out two centuries ago, and where they were fixed by the Synod of Dort.

All their religious opinions are orthodox in the highest degree; all dogmas derived from the systems of the Reformers, the Lutherans, Mennonites, and Remonstrants, are held in abhorrence, under the epithet of *Duitsch vergif* (German poison,) because it is known they had mostly proceeded from German divines. The Lutherans at Amsterdam carried their zeal for immutable uniformity of doctrine so far, that, differing about the existence of the devil, they separated into two churches, and even this schism awakened the spirit of party in a powerful degree. The Dutch Catholics are more bigotted than in some Catholic countries. A negligent observation of Lent would endanger the reputation of a young Catholic, just established in business, with those of his own sect; and, as their riches give them power, might impede his prosperity. So that, from the time of their Vondels and Vatts, polite literature has scarcely made any progress among them; these in poetry, Grotius in jurisprudence, and the dry annalist Wagenar in history, are still their great patterns. It is already known in what manner they have translated the Greek and Roman classics, and which, in spite of the examples of Hemsterhuis, Rhunkens, and Whyttenbachs, consist rather of a laborious attempt to acquire certain words, forms of expression, and sentences, than deeply to enter into the sense and spirit of the ancients, and accurately compress them together into one whole.

It was not so much a conviction of the want of national constitution, or of the truth of their political opinions, which since the year 1789, has produced the French so many friends and partizans in Holland, as the hope by the assistance of that nation to crush the detested Orange party: And it was not in the least considered, that with that was necessarily connected the entire change of the political union, and the introduction of a new order of things, which might break the chains of their former habits. The Dutch had too high an opinion of the power and consequence of the republic, to reflect that the great republic, after its conquest, would retain a direct or indirect authority over its protected sister. During the contest of parties in France, the partiality of the Dutch patriots was unchanged, and their applause followed the victorious party, whoever they were. When it became necessary, after the abolition of the Stadtholder's authority, to new model the constitution, then the attachment to this system shewed itself on all sides.

There are customs and forms which business indeed generally promotes, less attachment to which, and more boldness of speculation may be the cause why in Holland there are more examples of English, Germans and French, who have settled there, gaining rapid fortunes, than of the native Hollanders. The rich Dutchman has inherited the greatest part of his fortune, and on that account strives with less difficulty to increase his patrimony, by the accustomed means.

With this inclination to preserve favourite customs, is connected a certain obstinacy and stubborness, which are found as well in individuals, and even in children, as in the national character. There are no people who adhere more pertinaciously to their first impressions of dislike or esteem than the Hollanders. Their cold blood runs too slowly to permit those hasty changes of sentiment, and that rapid adoption of every external impression which passes over them, for which more southern nations are indebted to their warm imaginations, their more susceptible and irritable senses, and to the inconstancy of their tempers. Even this coldness of temperament promotes constancy, by preventing those passionate excesses of sensibility, which are so injurious to the amiable. What other nations effect by the strength of their passions, and their constitutional energy, the Dutch are able to attain by the permanence of their feelings. And no other people, scarcely, could have maintained with such undaunted firmness, their long struggle against their Spanish oppressors.

In the mean while, the Dutch are in this respect like all other persons of limited knowledge, and without principles; that what they fancy they know, what they have received upon credit as just and true, and thro' custom and habit have maintained, or what flatters their habitual and powerful feelings, are so deeply rooted in them, that the most cogent arguments cannot convince them to the contrary. On the other hand, on subjects which they do not profess to understand, where they are not governed by habit, custom, or fashion, and particularly where it respects propriety in their ordinary conduct, they easily and contentedly suffer themselves to be directed by others. With this limitation, what *Reim*, p. 373, says of the Dutch, may be perfectly true, that of all people they are most tractable: but when it is considered, how few things there are which men do not believe they understand, and how few cases can occur in this country, over which custom and habit have not complete authority, this general docility sinks almost to nothing. Also in matters of sentiment, where the female sex is so much superior to ours, a Dutchman will more readily be guided by his wife; and slanderers even assert of many a one, that in the totally new character of a representative, he has become only her echo.

The Hollander's sense of freedom, at least at present, is for the most part the love of ease. The true love of liberty, which once prevailed in Greece and Rome, is no where in modern Europe in so great a perfection as in England; but the En-

* Hence the very extravagant picture which *Reim* has drawn in his *Travels through Holland*, of the laziness of the higher orders. The rich Hollander is at his *Buiten plaatsen* from eight in the morning (when he rises, in the middle of summer, and never goes to bed before twelve or one) in the open air, and spends his time in walking, riding, or busying himself either in fishing, hunting, or ensnaring birds in the grass. Even in Holland it is not the custom for the rich to sit.—— Pauci dormientes rete trahunt. D. Erss.

glishman, when he considers liberty to consist in the freedom of his native country from foreign power, and the security of individuals against the government, patiently submits to the inconveniences which flow from it, because the removal of them would occasion more essential injury. On the other hand, the Dutchman, by this word, means only a perfect exemption from every thing that might interfere with his ordinary habits, that might compel him to make any sacrifice, or submit to any restraint, or that might hinder the gratification of his avarice. Our governors, say they, must be mild and gentle;—but by this they mean only, that their rulers must be impotent and asleep. When their ancient inveterate and stubborn hatred against the house of Orange had broken out afresh, they never laboured to reform their strange federal constitution, according to which there were in this little republic nearly as many states which were independent, and whose jurisdiction was confined to a single town, as in Germany; because such a reform would have changed all their ancient customs. But the violent hatred borne by the majority of the inhabitants of the sea provinces against the Stadtholderians, from the gratification of which the one party were withheld by no scruples, and which the other party were little solicitous to appease, might unite with the circumstances of the times, in promoting the introduction of French principles among the patriots. And yet so little were they prepared for the final accomplishment of their wishes, by forming a moderate plan of reform in their government, that two years were necessary to form a constitution, which soon became the derision of all parties. An invitation to transmit schemes of reform in the constitution both of the towns and provinces, occasioned a satirical writer to compare the situation of the country with that of a man who pulled down his house, and then projected a plan of a new one among the ruins; whence it could not but follow, that being heated by the labour of demolishing, he might then cool himself by standing still in the open air.

LORENZO AND VIOLETTA.

A MATRIMONIAL TALE.

FAMILY divisions frequently spring from very immaterial accidents, which gather strength by repetition, till they are augmented in so formidable a manner, as to sweep before them all the domestic virtues, and abolish all the amiable tendernesses, for which woman was originally intended by the Divine Creator. I have been a frequent spectator of such scenes of infelicity. Where I was in most expectation of finding the celestial seeds of connubial happiness flourishing in exquisite beauty, there have I been the most disappointed. Instead of beholding a paradise, I have found nothing but a garden of noxious weeds; which occasions me to publish the following observations. For these may be of utility to society; as, by holding up the mirror to the view of inadvertency, they may affright her with her own deformity.

Lorenzo and Violetta have been married upwards of three years: they were equally matched, both in respect of fortune and age; the one being sufficiently affluent for the purchase, and the other for the enjoyment, of the pleasures of life. For some time after the celebration of the nuptials, they entertained a reciprocal affection. She was all fondness, he all indulgence. But their intimacy, instead of increasing, diminished their mutual regard. Her beauty, the more it was familiar to his eye, grew the less attractive to his heart, and his conversation grew less engaging, the more she partook of the natural levity of her sex. He renewed his bacchanalian acquaintance: she found more pleasure in discharging her visits, than her domestic offices. In short, both became unintentionally indifferent; their meals were irregular; their conversation little; till, at last, their affection seemed dwindled away to nothing but a ceremonial complaisance.

Nature was soon more predominant than the ties of gentility, or the rules of decency. Their tempers were perpetually bursting the formality of reserve; trivial accidents gave alternate uneasiness to one or the other, which were productive of such disputes as often terminated in a shyness for two, and sometimes for three days together. Though they were both so far estranged from the lambent flame of love, their disagreement very frequently exhibited a conviction of their honesty, by a recollection which just served to blow up the dormant embers of affection; but still they were continually manifesting the difference of their tempers. They were both hastily passionate; he was sometimes surlily ill-natured, while she was too apt to conceive what he never intended. They were both sensible of their folly, yet they still persisted in their obstinacy: if he spoke warm she reddened with anger; if he was desirous of tranquility, she grew turbulent. The vanity of pedigree, and the ostentation of fortune were often handled backwards and forwards; this ushered in indecency from him, and left her abandoned to a misguided passion.

Reiterated quarrels aggravated their imprudence: he frequently swore, she raised; and blows ensued. She felt the effects of his violence, he bore the marks of her fury. When their passions abated, she sat pensively venting the gushing sorrows from her eyes; he grew mollified; and after innumerable carresses, recomposed her agitated spirits. The quarrel renewed their tenderness: they gently upbraided themselves, confessed their folly, resolved to oppose the excursions of passion, and for some time lived with all the appearance of a durable felicity. But when passion has once got the head, reason vainly attempts to guide the rein. Though Lorenza and Violetta, on the repetition of every quarrel, became sensible of their smothered affection, yet they never endeavoured to light up the extinguished lamp of Hymen. They continued their intemperate sallies; and were at last so habituated to such an ignominious custom, as to give an unbounded loose to their passion before company, till they are now become the derision of all their acquaintance.

As I have regard for Lorenza, I have taken an opportunity of expatiating with him on his indiscretion: he acknowledges his imprudence, professes the strongest affection for his wife, and solemnly avows his fidelity to the nuptial bed. Violetta is also sensible of her erroneous behaviour, esteems her husband, and wears the throne of chastity on her brow. They are equally conscious of their faults, are equally sorry for them, and seem equally desirous of correcting them; but they are so absolutely devoted to the storms of passion, as to be equally incapable of executing those salutary resolutions, which they are thoroughly sensible can alone give pleasure to the bridal bed, happiness to the prime of life, and comfort to the declension of age.

What a melancholy reflection is this!—That two persons once united by the silken bands of love, should so disown its empire, for the gratification of some ridiculous humour, is most astonishing! That two persons, who could so easily enjoy the beatitudes of life, should so voluntarily banish themselves from the flowery road of happiness, is amazing! But their conduct serves only to evince this golden maxim, that reason is the best gift of Nature; for, without her sacred influence, monarchs in their palaces are less happy than peasants in their cottages.

The following is the conclusion of the Speech of the Attorney General of Massachusetts, at the Trial of JASON FAIRBANKS, *for the Murder of* ELIZABETH FALES. *It contains a beautiful apostrophe to Youth, and will, we believe, be read with a pleasure mingled with regret, by every friend to humanity.*

THE path of life opens upon the young eye as full of flowers and sweets, it appears direct, and on an easy ascent, where nothing can annoy or interrupt. But when we have arrived at the further end of it, the view is changed. We from that point look back upon snares we have fallen into, as well as the perils we have escaped, and become astonish'd that we have had a progress so successful. The hazardous journey is drawn in strong colours before our children, but they proceed on, charmed by false appearances, until th y have suffered in their turn, as we have done before them. We have however, great cause of gratitude to a kind Providence, that our experience, and caution, when assiduously and timely exerted, save the far greater part of our posterity from those disgraceful enormities, which render the lives of a few completely wretched and miserable, and load those of others with distress and calamity.

Why then will not the young, the tender part of the community avail themselves of the wisdom of those who have gone on in the path of life before them! Why will not the promising young man, in whose character the hopes of his parents are fondly centred, and the blooming beauty, whose countenance sh ds the rays of cheerfulness round the domicil of her family, watch the the eye of experience, and hang on the lip of matured understanding? If the tender love of the parents unfortunately robs them of that firmness which they ought to use in the government of their children, one ought to be led to conclude, that this alone would incline the child to search for their wishes, and to perform them with alacrity. In a life filled with temptations to errors, fatal in their nature; in a path through a wilderness full of dangers, and evils, one would suppose that young travellers would gladly avail themselves of the wisdom experience has given.

Yet too many rush on heedless over the ruin of thousands, who have fallen a prey in the same ways they are pursuing.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

When late I attempted your pity to move,
Why seem'd you so deaf to my pray'rs?
Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs?

Temple of Hilarity.

THE FIDLER AND HIS WIFE.

A MATRIMONIAL TALE.

A FIDLER and his wife, who rubbed through the world, as most couples usually do, sometimes good friends, at others not quite so well, happened one day to have a dispute, which was conducted with becoming spirit on both sides. The wife was sure she was right, and the husband was resolved to have his own way. What was to be done in such a case? The quarrel grew worse by their explanations, and at last their fury rose to such a pitch, that each made a vow never to sleep in the same bed for the future. This was the most rash vow that could be imagined; for they still were friends at bottom, and besides, they had but one bed in the house; however, resolved they were to go through with it; and as they had not separate beds, at night the fiddle case was laid between them, in order to make a separation. In this manner they continued three weeks; every night the fiddle case being placed as a barrier to divide them. By this time, however, each heartily repented of their vow, their resentmen was at an end, and their love began to return; they wished the fiddle case away, but both had too much spirit to submit. One night, however, as they were both lying awake, with the detested fiddle case between them, the husband happened to sneeze; to this the wife, as is usual in such cases, bid God bless him; "Aye but, replied the husband, do you say that from your heart, Jenny,?"—"Indeed I do, my poor Nicholas, cries his wife; I say it with all my heart"—"If so, said the husband, I fancy we had as good remove the fiddle case."

—

ALLESE SIMPSON, a lady of Bertie county, North Carolina has offered a reward of 100 dollars on delivering to her, or securing in jail, her husband, who it seems has deserted her and married Charity O' Daniel, a young lady of Halifax county. After mentioning that he had eloped from her *bed side*, without any provocation whatever, she gives the following laughable description of him and his companion:—John Simpson is a man of a dark complexion, of a low stature, brown hair, black eye-brows, light coloured beard, and an *everlasting tobacco chewer*; his fore teeth very dark and rusty, &c. &c. His companion, Charity, of usual height, about the age of eighteen, *thick and full fleshed*, light complexion, very freckled, and *a large bushy head of rusty red hair.*

In the year 1578, and the 20th of Elizabeth, Mark Lealliot, a blacksmith, made a lock consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel and brass, with a hollow key to it, that altogether weighed but one grain of gold. He likewise made a gold chain, composed of forty-three links, which he fastened to the lock and key, and having put it about the neck of a flea, that little creature drew them all with ease; which being done in her Majesty's presence, he put the lock and key, flea and chain, into a pair of scales, and they all together weighed but a grain and a half.

—

A Scottish clergyman, in what he facetiously terms, "A faithful translation of Sonnini's Travels in Egypt," informs his readers, that at Malta "the RIDGES of the houses are all FLAT TERRACES," and that, "at Rosetta the inhabitants CUT THE THROATS of their ducks, and IN THAT SITUATION KEEP THEM ALIVE, with their wings broken;" and lastly, that "the Orientals never take a WALK but on horseback.

—

A Cardinal of great merit was once so ill as to be given over by his physicians. His domestics, all eager to serve themselves, presented their persons before him, with a box, a trunk, a cabinet, or other moveables, under each of their arms, and made their exit severally with a bow.

Meanwhile an ape observing, as he sat by the side of his master's bed, what was going on, spied the cardinal's cap, which he instantly seized, clapped it upon his head, made his bow with infinite archness and solemnity, and then retired as the rest of the houshold had done.

The humourous imitation had such an effect on the risible faculties of the sick cardinal, that the impostume, which threatened his life, instantly broke, and his health was happily restored.

—

IT is said that Earl St. Vincent, when lord Nelson waited upon him to take leave, addressed him thus: "Nelson, I am in a great hurry—here are your instructions—Send the French gun-boats to the devil in your own way."

—

EPITAPH ON A

MR. JACOB MENDES,

Written by JAMES THOMPSON, *Author of the Seasons.*

HERE Jacob lies, grave, just and sage
The chastest person of the age;—
Who, had he been in Joseph's place,
Had dy'd, not run away—alas!

The Dessert.

SONNET II.

MOON-RISING.

SCENE—*The Falls of Schuylkill.*

TIME—*An Autumnal Evening.*

THE amber west now shews the sun's decline,
The ev'ning shades pursue his golden way;
While Cynthia rising, beams reflected day,
And round her orb the stars & planets shine.

Her disc emerges from th' horizon dim,
And moving gently thro' the blue serene,
Spreads milky whiteness o'er the sylvan scene,
Chequ'ring the woods with fragments of the gleam.

Silence reigns o'er the fields, the hills and dales—
Save where the Falls' convolving eddies play,
Like liquid silver in the solar ray;
Or *Whip-poor-Will* pours thought-inspiring wails:—

'Tis *Nature*'s book, and school for *Wisdom*'s lore;
Which teaches how to think,—and how adore.

AMYNTOR.

Solution to T. O.*'s Question in No.* 47, *by Mr.* N. MAJOR.

FIRST let $x^3y+y^3x=512,500=a$, and $x^2y-y^2x=2500=b$, these equations divided by xy gives $x^2+y^2=\frac{a}{xy}$ and $x-y=\frac{b}{xy}$ this squared we have $x^2-2xy+y^2=\frac{b^2}{x^2y^2}$ therefore $x^2+y^2=\frac{b^2}{x^2y^2}+2xy=\frac{a}{xy}$, as per above, which multiplied by x^2y^2, gives $b^2+2x^3y^3=axy$, and by subtraction and division we have $\frac{axy}{2}-x^3y^3=\frac{b^2}{2}$, which in numbers gives $256250xy-x^3y^3=3125000$, and by a few trials xy is found to be more than 499,8, let, therefore, $499,8=c$, and $c+z=xy$, then our equation becomes $256250c+256250z-c^3-3c^2z-3cz^2-z^3=3125000$, and by rejecting z^3, ordering, &c. we have $z^2+328,898z=65,81966$, from which, by completing the square and extracting the root, we find $z=0,2$, hence $xy=499,8+0,2=500$, this value substituted in the foregoing equations, gives $x=25$, and $y=20$, as required.

ALLEGORICAL OBSERVATIONS,

WRITTEN BY A CLERGYMAN.

1. THE understanding is like the sun, which gives light and life to the whole intellectual world; but the memory, regarding those things only that are past, is like the moon, which is new and full, and has her wane by turns.

2. The world is a sea, and life and death are its ebbing and flowing. Wars are the storms which agitate and toss it into fury and faction. The tongues of its enraged inhabitants are then as the noise of many waters. Peace is the calm which succeeds the tempest, and hushes the billows of interest and passion to rest. Prosperity is the sun whose beams produce plenty and comfort. Adversity is a portentous cloud impregnated with discontent, and often bursts in a torrent of desolation and destruction.

3. Wit is like a lily. The one is as pleasing to the ear as the other is to the eye.—Wit naturally fades, and, if not timely gathered, soon withers and dies.

4. On the tower of Ambition hangs the dial of Industry; where the sun of good-fortune marks the time and progress of Friendship on the figure of Ambition.

5. Every man may learn the elements of geography, which is the noblest science in the world, from an attention to the temperature of his own mind. Melancholy is the North Pole, Envy the South, Choler the Torrid Zone, Ambition the Zodiac, Joy the Ecliptic Line, Justice the Equinoctial, Prudence and Temperance the Arctic and Antarctic Circles, Patience and Fortitude the Tropics.

6. They who take self-love for their guide, ride in the paths of partiality, on the horse of adulation, to the judge of falsehood; but he who prefers the mandate of reason, rides in the way of probability, on the courser of prudence. His journey will then be as pleasing as the object of it, which is truth, shall be sure.

7. Human destiny is a nut, of which life is the shell, and reputation the kernel.—Crack it gently, and you enjoy its whole value entire; but open it roughly, and ten to one you break the shell, or bruise the kernel, or reduce the whole into one useless compound.

8. Justice should be a man's governor, Prudence his counsellor, Temperance his friend, Fortitude his champion, Hope his good, Charity his house, Faith or Sincerity his porter, Wit his companion, Love his bedfellow, Patience his mistress, Reason his secretary, Judgment his steward.

PHILADELPHIA,
OCTOBER 24, 1801.

Union of beings, interests, minds and names,
Is all that Wedlock as its portion claims:
Where these combine, both Sexes, sure, must prove,
The sweets of Marriage, and the bliss of Love.

AMYNTOR.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Robert Stola, to Miss Jane Clark...On the 20th, by the Rev. Mr. Carr, Mr. William Mulcahy, to Miss Margaret Green....On the 22d, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Capt. Joseph Reynolds, of Norwich, (Con.) to Miss Hannah Ingles, daughter of George Ingles, esq. of the Northern Liberties....By the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, Mr. Samuel Hazlehurst, merchant, to Miss Markoe, only daughter of Abraham Markoe, esq.

.....At the Willows, Cumberland County, West-Jersey, on the 17th, by the Rev. Mr. Davis, Mr. Laurence Huron, merchant, of this city, to Miss Kezia Harris.

For us Death's doors stand open night and day,
And mortals hourly throng his dreary way;
Then happy those, who can his fears defy,
Who've learn'd to *live as they would wish to die!*

AMYNTOR.

DIED....In this City....On the 14th, in the 88th year of her age, Mrs. Susannah Budden, relict of Capt. R. Budden....Mr. Benjamin Loxley, Æt. 81.

.....Near Lexington, Kentucky, Mr. Wm. Fullerton, a citizen of Philadelphia.

.....At the seat of the late Capt. Craig, on the 17th, Mr. Henry Ash, of this city, formerly a respectable merchant of the Island of St. Eustatia.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*X. O.*" in treating his subject, has produced what he no doubt considers as *confirmation-strong*—even *proof from holy-writ:* But on any subject of controversy something more is expected than merely quotations, whether from scripture or from prophane writings. It is but trifling with the question to say a thing is so and so, without producing a single argument to support it. Besides, X. O. would have done better to have met the question fairly on the floor of debate, when he had an opportunity of doing it in a manly way, face to face.

The Editor rejoices in having an opportunity of complimenting his pleasing correspondent AMYNTOR, on his appearance again in the Repository, after an absence of several weeks. He sincerely acknowledges his obligations for the many grateful effusions of his pen already received, and solicits a continuance of similar favours in future. The moral tendency of the productions of that writer will at all times insure them a welcome reception and prompt attention, with the editor; and their poetic merit, which is characterised by delicacy of thought, chasteness of expression, harmony of numbers, and an easy, flowing, musical and attractive style, cannot fail to render them gratifying and acceptable to the reader of taste and sentiment—and especially the *Fair Sex*, who appears to be the inspiring soul of his muse, and the favourite theme of his compositions.

The gentleman who favoured the editor with part of a Tale entitled "*Rejuvenescence,*" will oblige him by forwarding the remainder.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following little piece was handed to me by a relation of the author, about 13 *years ago. As it has never, I believe, appeared in print, I solicit some humble place for it in your Repository I am the more earnest in this request, as the subject cannot fail to interest the feeling and benevolent heart, and may convey a useful lesson to the fair class of your readers.—to whom indeed, almost exclusively, belong the delicate and tender sensibilities of nature.* SEDUCTION, *hellish seduction, (for it cannot be called by a milder name)*

That lures to snare, and whom it snares destroys,

Is one of the most baneful fiends that ever infested the earth; it

.....Is a monster of such horrid mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;

For it undermines the foundation of our sweetest comforts, and blasts the future prospects of human life;—it destroys the peace and happiness of individuals, and of families; nay, it unhinges society itself, and spreads misery, destruction, and desolation around it wherever it goes. Every effort, therefore, that is made, to inspire an inveterate abhorrence of such a monster, and to brand him in the forehead with that mark of eternal infamy, by which his black original is designated,—altho' it may not prove as effective as we desire, will at least be deemed laudable by my fair countrywomen, whose beauty, charms, and sweet unsuspecting innocence render them fit objects of his infernal arts, wiles, and insidiousness.

I am, with esteem, &c.
Your's,
AMYNTOR.

OCTOBER 15, 1801.

ELEGIAC VERSES,

On a handsome Young Lady, found dead in a field, in South Carolina; supposed to have been seduced, and afterterwards abandoned.

UNHAPPY daughter of distress and woe!
Whate'er thy sorrows and whoe'er thou art:
For thee, the tears of charity shall flow,
Warm from the purest fountain of the heart.

Perhaps, tho' now neglected, and forlorn,
A parent once survey'd thee with delight;
The idol of a father's heart alone—
Or the lov'd darling of a mother's sight.

For thee, perhaps, they watch'd, and toil'd, and pray'd;
On thy sweet innocence with transport hung; (paid,
And well they thought their tender care re-
To hear the artless music of thy tongue.

When dawning reason shed her ray benign,
And all thy excellence became reveal'd,
How did they see thy op'ning virtue shine,
And hear thy praise, with rapture ill conceal'd!

For who, alas! can tell thy secret worth,
What soft angelic virtues might appear?
That bosom, laid defenceless on the earth,
Might once be grateful, generous, and sincere.

Some base Deceiver, practis'd to betray,
Might win thy easy faith, destroy thy fame; (way;"
Then "cast thee like a loathsome weed a-
The sport of fortune, and the child of shame.

Poor wanderer! perhaps thou could'st not find
The lib'ral hand, the slender gift to spare:
Insatiate avarice the soul confin'd;
Or timid prudence disbeliev'd thy pray'r.

Then, from the world, neglected and forlorn,
Careless of life, and hopeless of relief,
Thy agonizing heart retir'd to mourn,
And breathe its last in unmolested grief.

Unhappy shade! whate'er thy lot has been,
From sin, at last, and sorrow thou art free,—
Thy debt to nature—it is fully paid;
And wounded Pity pays her debt to thee!

JUVENIS.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

WRITTEN BY MRS. SHERIDAN.

UNAW'D by threats, unmov'd by force,
My steady soul pursues her course,
Collected calm, resign'd;
Say, you who search with curious eyes
The source whence human actions rise,
Say, whence this turn of mind?

'Tis Patience--Lenient goddess, hail!
Oh! let thy votary's vows prevail,
Thy threaten'd flight to stay;
Long hast thou been a welcome guest,
Long reign'd an inmate in this breast,
And rul'd with gentle sway.

Thro' all the various turns of fate,
Ordain'd me in each several state,
My wayward lot has known;
What taught me silently to bear,
To curb the sigh, to check the tear,
When sorrow weigh'd me down?

'Twas Patience—Temperate goddess, stay!
For still thy dictates I obey,
Nor yield to passion's power;
Tho' by injurious foes borne down,
My fame, my toil, my hopes o'erthrown,
In one ill-fated hour.

When robb'd of what I held most dear,
My hands adorn'd the mournful bier,
Of her I lov'd so well;
What, when mute sorrow chain'd my tongue,
As o'er the sable hearse I hung,
Forbade the tide to swell?

'Twas Patience!—Goddess ever calm!
Oh! pour into my breast thy balm,
That antidote to pain;
Which flowing from thy nectar'd urn,
By chymistry divine can turn
Our losses into gain.

When sick and languishing in bed,
Sleep from my restless couch had fled,
(Sleep, which even pain beguiles,)
What taught me calmly to sustain
A feverish being rack'd with pain,
And dress'd my looks in smiles?

'Twas Patience!—Heav'n descended maid!
Implor'd, flew swiftly to my aid,
And lent her fostering breast;
Watch'd my sad hours with parent care,
Repell'd th' approaches of despair,
And sooth'd my soul to rest,

Say, when dissever'd from his side,
My friend, protector, and my guide;
When my prophetic soul,
Anticipating all the storm,
Saw danger in its direst form,
What could my fears controul?

'Twas Patience!—Gentle goddess, hear!
Be ever to thy suppliant near,
Nor let one murmur rise;
Since still some mighty joys are giv'n,
Dear to her soul, the gifts of heav'n,
The sweet domestic ties.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO THE COMMENTATOR.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.
HOR.

HAIL! to the man, whose chaste and moral page
Amuses, pleases and instructs the age;
Whose variegated essays shew a mind
Where learning, knowledge, goodness are comb'n'd.
So says the public voice—Thus honest fame
(Grateful reward!) shall ever laud thy name;
For oft as thy effusions shall appear,
Virtue shall bless, and even vice revere.
Thee, when I read, my soul is sweetly charm'd,
My heart is soften'd and my fancy warm'd—
I pause—and then admire thy arts that please,
With so much elegance and so much ease.
Sure the pure shade of matchless ADDISON,
Or HAWKESWORTH, harmony's distinguish'd son,
Inspires thy pencil *Beauty's line* to trace,
And stamps thy draughts with irresistless grace;
Nay, lives again in thee to charm mankind,
And polish and ameliorate the mind:
So, great Elijah, when he rose above,
Gave to Elisha, object of his love,
His wondrous mantle, and with it a part
Of that same spirit that inform'd his heart.

Then, pleasing model of th' alluring style,
Wherein, like gentle May, the graces smile,
Again appear; dispel our autumn-gloom,
With the gay paintings of thy magic plume;
Drive from our minds sad grief and care away,
And clouds that dim our intellectual day—
Continue still to grant these sweet delights,
That bless th' autumnal and the winter nights;
When the dear Sex whom you and I admire,
Collected social round the cheerful fire,
Sing, chat, and play, and all the pleasure prove
Of youth and friendship, sprightliness and love.

AMYNTOR.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY—EXTRA.

Saturday, *October* 24, 1801.

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